

## This Confiscated House

Shearwater

This is the film of my death.  
I am the only one left.  
Let it all come down.  
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I'm stumbling over the blocks in this confiscated house,  
my associates.  
Let this be my testament.  
Carry the work we have done.  
Carry the plans we have laid.  
I tried my best,  
but there's so little left...  
Someday the crows will couple in our ruins.  
Someday the milkweed will bloom in profusion.  
Please forgive what you can and remember the rest.  
When I'm slept with the clover and tarragon,  
slumbering under the lawn,  
in one world less,  
in one world less.